





I WARNED YOU ABOUT BRINGING THE BOAT IN SO CLOSE, COCHRANE! THE PROPS ARE KOILED!

YOU'D EITHER WED BEEN SPOTTED BY THAT PLANE!



STOP YOUR GASPING AND GET OVERSIDE!

NOT ME, BIL!



I DON'T RANCY MYSELF AS CROCODILE FEED!

SUIT YOURSELF MAC!



WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, PULCH—DO YOU CLEAR THE SCREWS OR DO WE DISSOLVE OUR PARTNERSHIP?

SINCE YOU PUT IT THAT WAY!



JUST KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR CROCK, HUH!



NOBODY BUT NOBODY BOUNCES MAC PULCH AND GETS AWAY WITH IT—AND THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR COCHRANE, THE SKINNY FINK!



SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTING!



HURRY, YOU FOOL—THESE UGLY BRUTERS WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!



DID YOU FREE THE SCREWS?

YEAH! BUT DON'T START THE ENGINES TILL WE SHOVE THE BOAT CLEAR OF THE WEEDS!



MEANWHILE

THERE IT IS ROBBIE—THE ENTRANCE TO THE ANNE RIVER!

AND A FORTUNE FOR THE TAKING?



ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T PREFER TO MUNT HERE WITH THE PLANE ROBBIE?

IT'S ALL THE WAY WITH JIM—AND ONLY...



THAT ALL IS NOT IN VAIN, OKAY!

OH BROTHER! AT LEAST IF WE DON'T FIND ANY TREASURE!



YOU CAN ALWAYS GET A JOB WITH PUBLIC RELATIONS IN CANBERRA!



YOU MADE A CLASSIC UNDERSTATEMENT WHEN SAID THIS WOULD BE HEAVY GOING!

WERE NEARLY AT THE PLACE YOUR FATHER MARKED ON THE MAP, ROB!



THIS HORRIBLE OILY BLACK GLOME OVER EVERYTHING, YUK!!

POSSIBLY SOME FORM OF ALGAE



OR DIESEL FUEL SIPPING FROM THE SUNKEN TINKS OF A GROUND SUBMARINE!

JIM! LOOK!





TRY AND
DAN ARE
SURPRISED
WHEN THE
OLD CAR-
TAKER
SUDDENLY
LEAVES HIS
RIFLE AT
THEM!

WHAT IS THIS
ALL ABOUT,
CARNABY?

MAKE LIKE
TWO STAGES,
GENTLEMEN!
AT THIS
DISTANCE I
COULDN'T
MISS!



DON'T BE NAIVE,
YOUNGSTOWN...
THE SYNDICATE
KNEW YOU'D
RETURN FOR
THE STOLEN
STOCKS
SOMEDAY!



IF THIS FLY ROD CARRYING
TUBE HOLDS WHAT I THINK
IT HOLDS...MY WAITING
IS OVER...AND YOUR
HOURS ARE NUMBERED!

John Stevenson
& Billingsley
1-12



THIS FLY ROD CARRYING-
TUBE WAS A CLEVER
HIDING PLACE FOR THE
STOCKS, YOUNGSTOWN...
THE CERTIFICATES ARE
IN PERFECT CONDITION!

SO??



SO I CAN RETURN
THEM TO YOUR FORMER
FRIENDS IN THE
SYNDICATE...AND
COLLECT MY PERCENTAGE!



(GROG)...BUT...FIRST I
MUST TIE UP A FEW ER...
LOOSE ENDS!...SORRY!
I CAN'T OFFER YOU
GENTLEMEN THE
TRADITIONAL
BLINDFOLD!

! ?



WHAT KIND OF AN
ANIMAL ARE YOU,
CARNABY?? YOU
CAN'T JUST SHOOT
US IN COLD BLOOD!

I ASSURE YOU,
YOUNGSTOWN,
YOU WON'T
SUFFER...I'M
A PRO!



A CONTRACT IS A
CONTRACT!...AND I
AIM FULFILL
IT!



HOLD IT,
CARNABY!!
F.B.I.!!

John Stevenson
& Billingsley
2-13



WE'RE FROM
THE F.B.I...
CARNABY...
DROP THE
RIFLE!

John Stevenson
& Billingsley
3-14

WH...??

HEY, TROY!
LOOK!



THOSE ARE THE TWO
GUYS WE SAW ON THE
ROAD! THE CHIEF I THOUGHT
WE'RE FOLLOWING US!



TONY R. DID I HEAR
YOU CALL?? WHAT'S
GOING ON OUT HERE?

GET BACK, MISS
BRANCH! STAY OUT
OF THE LINE OF
FIRE!



MOVE OUT OF
THE WAY, MISS
BRANCH! YOU'LL
GET HURT!!

WH...??
I... I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



WITH SANDY BLOCKING
THE LINE OF FIRE, CLYDE
CARNABY SEES A GOLDEN
OPPORTUNITY!



AND...
CLUTCHING
THE STOLEN
STOCK
CERTIFICATES,
THE WOULD-BE
KILLER DASHES
TOWARD THE
TROUT STREAM!

John Stevenson
& Billingsley
4-25



WATCH THE
OLD MAN, CHET!
HE'S TRYING TO
RUN FOR IT!

CARNABY!
STOP OR
I'LL SHOOT!



(PUFF) IF I CAN... (PUFF)
GET ACROSS THIS STREAM...
AND INTO THE WOODS... (PUFF)
THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



BUT AS CLYDE PLUNGED INTO THE
THE SWIFTLY MOVING STREAM, WATER
POURED OVER THE TOP OF HIS HEADS...
AND HIS LUNAR BODY IS SUDDENLY
ENCAUSED IN A LIQUID VISE!

John Stevenson
& Billingsley
5-26

DRIFT AND HIS CO-PILOT ROCKET THROUGH SPACE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH AN ORBITING PHENOMENON ON THE OTHER SIDE OF EARTH...



1/1

WHILE SCIENTIFIC MINDS STUDY A DRIFT OF THE TV FILM MADE BY THE ASTRONAUTS ON THEIR FIRST DRIFT...



IT'S AS NEAR AS AN ECHO SATELLITE!

IT SEEMS TO HAVE EYES, BUT WHAT IS IT?

INCREASE VELOCITY, WITCH, AND WE'LL CHANGE OUR ORBIT TO A HIGHER PLANE!



OKAY, DRIFT! FIVE FEET PER SECOND SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT TO MAKE RENDEZVOUS!



SHALL I PHOTOGRAPH IT AS WE CLOSE IN FOR INSPECTION?



RIGHT! MY HANDS WILL BE TOO BUSY MANEUVERING THE CRAFT MANUALLY. LET'S HOLD FOR THE BEST!



1/2



THEIR VEHICLE MUST HAVE STRUCK THE OBJECT!



1/3



LET'S REMAIN LOGICAL AND THINK OF IT AS SOME KIND OF STRANGE SATELLITE!



WELL, HITCH, IF THAT THING WAS ALIVE, IT'S DEAD AS A MACKEREL NOW!



1/4



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE

THE MURDERMAN TURNED THE CORNER AND HE WENT CLANG! ACROSS THE CURRENT... TOWARDS A SUFFERING, SPILLING BIFTY AT THE RIVERS' EDGE.



A MOMENT LATER...



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE...



BOND LEFT HIS HAND DROP NEAR TO HIS TROUSER POCKET WHERE THE NEED KNIFE LAY HIDDEN!



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE

PROBABLY ONE MAN—THE LEADER. THIS MIGHT BE MY ONLY CHANCE.



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE

I UNDERSTAND, MY DEAR COMMANDER. SO PLEASE DO NOT KILL ME...



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE

MARIO-ANDRE DRAGO IS MY NAME. YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT...



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCGEE

JAMES BOND PROCEEDED TO HIS NAME—THE UNION CORPS! NO ONE DARED IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND EVEN OBLIVION. THEN ITS ITALIAN INSTANTLY, THE LANCER, GUNSLAND THE MAFIA...





Jeff Hawke
BY STUART JORDAN

YOU MEAN THAT YOU'LL BE PREPARED TO HAVE ME ALONG WHEN YOU MAKE THE NEXT TRY?



SURE, WE'RE SCIENTIFIC PEOPLE. WE HELP SCIENCE WHERE IT DOESN'T CONFLICT WITH OUR INTERESTS—

—AND IN RETURN, YOU'LL MAYBE CONTACT THE WOOMERA DIRECTOR FOR US, AND GET A LIST OF CARGO HE MAY BE INTERESTED IN—



ANY PLEASURE!



SMART BOYS!

H4210

Jeff Hawke
BY STUART JORDAN

MAC BACK IN LONDON, AT AIR MINISTRY...



—AND SO YOU SEE, BY MEANS OF A CLEVER TRICK, I NOW FIND MYSELF AS THE GO-BETWEEN, AND YOU'VE TO GIVE ME A LIST OF SUITABLE CARGO...

AND AT WOOMERA, IN AUSTRALIA...



WELL, I DON'T QUITE KNOW HOW THE DIRECTOR'S GOING TO TAKE THIS, BUT WE'LL CERTAINLY PUT IT TO HIM!



NOW LOOK HERE, HAWKE. IF THESE CHARACTERS THINK I'M GOING TO GET GROWN INTO THIS BY AUTHORIZING SOME CARGO, THEY'RE QUITE WRONG!

H4211

Jeff Hawke
BY STUART JORDAN



DIRECTOR, YOU'RE NOT BEING ASKED TO AUTHORISE A CARGO. NOT SIMPLY TO STATE WHAT YOU NEED, IN CASE THEY FIND THAT HOLE IN SPACE AGAIN!

WELL, TELL THEM MACHINE TOOLS ARE A WASTE OF TIME—



—BUT WE COULD CERTAINLY USE ANOTHER EARTH-SHIFTER!

AN IMAGINATIVE SOLUTION, SIR, TO AN AWWWARD PROBLEM!



AND SO, TWELVE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, THE GO-BETWEEN GETS HIS FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS...

EARTH-SHIFTER. YUP, I'LL TELL THEM.

H4212

Jeff Hawke
BY STUART JORDAN

ON THE DAY A SECOND EARTH-SHIFTER IS DELIVERED TO OURNHAM FREIGHT-PORT, IN YORKSHIRE, MAC MACLEAN IS PRESENT, WITH A VIEW TO ACCOMPANYING THE SAID EARTH-SHIFTER THROUGH A HOLE IN SPACE AS AN UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER...



STRICTLY SPEAKING, MR. MACLEAN, IF THIS FLIGHT WAS A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT TO INVESTIGATE CAUSE, WE'D TRY A DIFFERENT CARGO, WOULDN'T WE?

BUT THEN IT ISN'T, IS IT?

H4213

Jeff Hawke
BY STUART JORDAN



THREE DARING AVIATORS HOPEFUL OF ONCE AGAIN LOCATING A NEW KIND OF HUDSON'S PASSAGE TO THE ANTIPODES...



TAKE-OFF...



MR. MACLEAN IS RANTENED TO THE CARGO BAY...

IF YOU WOULD, UN...?

SURE, YOU'RE ABOUT TO PUT YOUR SECRET COURSE, ORAY, I'LL TAKE THE HINT!

H4214

Jeff Hawke
BY STUART JORDAN



AS THE CLIMBING INCREASINGLY TURNS ON TO COURSE FOR THE HOLE IN SPACE...

ENOUGH FUEL THIS TIME FOR TWO THOUSAND MILES— AND FOOD AND DRINK TO LAST A WEEK, IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS!

NEIGH— NO FOR THE OUTRACK!



IN THE CARGO BAY, MAC SITS IN THE EARTH-SHIFTER, WAITING FOR THE BUMP...



SAME HEIGHT AS BEFORE, AND CLIMBING AT THE SAME ANGLE— WE'RE ALMOST THERE, NOW, I CALCULATE!

SHOULD BE ANY SECOND, YES!

H4215



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'NNELL

LATE EVENING, IN MODESTY'S
RENT-HOUSE...



A MR. CARSON
CALLS ON THE PHONE.
MODESTY BLAISE

ASK HIM TO HANG
ON FOR ONE MINUTE.
PLEASE WEND



AK HALLS THREE—
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING RIGHT NOW,
MODESTY?

CARRYING
EMERALD



LET IT GO! — I
CANNOT SLEEP
TODAY. SO HOW ABOUT
MY FINANCIAL
ADVISEMENT COMING OUT
TO CELEBRATE?

NOT TONIGHT
SLEEP. BUT
REMEMBER
MY OTHER
CAREER.
WATCH YOUR
BACK!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'NNELL



WONDER WHY
MODESTY BLAISE
WAKENS ME? THE FORMULA'S
BEEN DELIVERED
AND EVERYTHING'S
SETTLED UP NOW...



WHO THE HELL
ARE YOU?

ME? HENRY...



THE SIGHT INNUMERABLY POWERFUL FORCE
MOVES WITH ASTONISHING SPEED...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'NNELL



WONDER IF TARRANT
AND HIS BIZARRE
FRIEND MIGHT MAKE
UP A FOUR FOR
SADINS

DOUBT IF THE CHAP
PLAYS—
BUT HE CAN
ASK



YES, I—ER—
THINK MR.
SADIN KNOWS
THE GAME

WE'LL PLAY WHATEVER
STAKES SUIT HIM, OF COURSE



SURE... LET'S MAKE IT
A FOUNTAIN POINT, SH?

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'NNELL



NO NEED, ER, E—
I'VE WATCHED
'EM PLAY

I'M ALL FOR
DRINKING THOSE
TWO, WHILE—
BUT NO BLINK
OF EYE, PLEASE



THEY CAN JUST ABOUT
COUNT TRUMPS AND COURT
CARDS, BUT THEY'RE BAD
ON SEDUCTION AND THEY
CAN'T STICK ON TOP—
DON'T WORRY, WE'LL
GET YOU A NEW CAR
OUT OF THIS!



IN CARSON'S HOTEL SUITE...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'NNELL



HENRY HAS
DISPOSED OF
CARSON'S BELL—SO
THE MIND CONTAINING
THE FORMULA HAS
CEASED TO EXIST



AND AS FOR THE WRITTEN
FORMULA IN THE
SAFE AT THE
MINISTRY OF
DEFENCE...



A FIERCE EXPLOSION
RENDERS PART OF
A BUILDING IN
WHITEHALL...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER F'NNELL



AN URGENT
PHONE CALL FOR
YOU,
REDALED

DO YOU FIND
OUT ANYTHING
ABOUT THAT
BOMBING WE HEARD
A LITTLE WHILE
AGO?

I UNDERSTAND
THERE'S A FIRE IN
WHITEHALL, SIR.
BUT THERE'S NO
NEWS ABOUT WHAT
CAUSED IT



SMALL BLAM... SHALL WE SEE IF
SHE CAN STAY FOR ANOTHER
SLUBBER—OR
SETTLE UP NOW?

I THINK
WE'LL CALL IT
A DAY, THANK
YOU—AN
EXHAUSTIVE
DAY?





